

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXX. No. 2345

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
June 5, 1946



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My goodness—



Where's the GUINNESS?



# THE TATLER

LONDON  
JUNE 5, 1946

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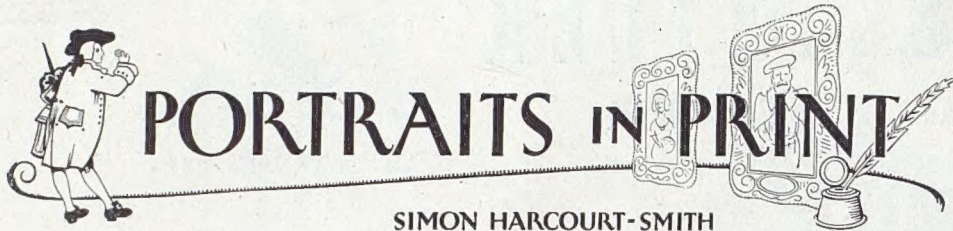


Pearl Freeman

## Lady Tedder: A Son And Heir

Lady Tedder, who is the wife of Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder of Glenguin, gave birth to a son on the twenty-third of last month. She is a daughter of the late Sir Bruce Seton, and sister of the present baronet. She married Lord Tedder in 1943, and has an older son, Alasdair Black, by her previous marriage. Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, who was created a baron in the New Year's Honours List, was appointed Chief of the Air Staff and First and Senior Member of the Air Council last January





# PORTRAITS IN PRINT

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THE persistence of agnosticism in our modern world always startles and fascinates me. We are suffering incalculable, unnecessary miseries because of our grandfathers' secret belief, for all their vaunted Christianity, that the conception of the human soul was bunkum, that nothing existed save what you could see or feel or touch, that Science had its answer pat for every question. Freud has shown us that Man is far from being a machine, that beside the creations of his "psyche" the manifestations of the material world are nothing. Above all, the triumphs of modern physics (including the atom bomb) reveal to us the very scantiness of our knowledge in that material world where the Victorians walked so confidently. Anything, everything is possible these days. Yet you still find people moved to scared anger by the thought of ghosts, miracles, or magic in general.

A few days ago, for instance, I was sitting in a projection theatre at Denham, seeing a new British film. Its main theme is the rivalry between a witch-doctor and a rational, Anglicized African in a Tanganyikan village. The rivalry at last becomes a contest between the two men, the two symbols, with the witch doctor willing his Anglicized enemy to die.

As is only edifying, the champion of light and Western science eventually triumphs over the forces of darkness and black magic; but not until they have given him a pretty thin time. Indeed, they bring him by their charms and drumming to the very brink of death.

In the projection theatre with me was a person whose direct interest it was to laud the picture to the skies. Instead he greeted it with a silence broken only by indignant sniffs at the fundamental situation. I happened to say to him, I was perfectly persuaded of the witch-doctor's power, which for my part I would never dare to challenge. My remark was made lightly enough, and I was consequently startled to see a furious face glaring at me through the darkness. Never, my companion declared with some violence, had he heard such nonsense. Of course, the powers of the occult were mere mumbo-jumbo, pathetic beside the triumphs of Western knowledge.

## Fear of the Unknown

I WAS reminded by this angry face of a time in my youth when we were living in a somewhat haunted house; if ever I so much as hinted I had seen or heard anything untoward, my father first bellowed, then sulked for three days. Is it really that these agnostics fear the unknown even more than we do? Personally, I am convinced there are two kinds of wisdom—two kinds of power—the rational sort from the West, out of *homo sapiens*, and the instinctive sort, to use a loose epithet, possessed by many African and Asiatic peoples, by the coloured populations of the Americas, and potentially by children until rational

education gets at them. Among such peoples miracles that would embarrass our agnostics are still current; indeed they happen continually in the voodoo ceremonies of Haiti; it needs no great effort of the imagination to believe this fact, if you see a miracle not even performed, but merely mimed, as it is by the talented coloured dancers who have been delighting us for the last few weeks at the Twentieth-Century Theatre in Westbourne Grove.

In one of their ballets—*De Prophet*—a cripple is hypnotized by the great man. He rolls on the ground in a pathetic frenzy, ready to spew out his consuming devil. Led by the Prophet the company close round him, a score of chocolate arms point towards him and begin to tremble like antennae. The drum music grows faster and louder, eyeballs roll white to heaven. Then suddenly the devil is out of the wretch, he rises a cured man. For the spectator the sensation is not of having merely witnessed an exciting piece of dancing, but of actually being present at a miraculous cure.

## Negro Dancing in Brussels

THESE coloured dancers in Westbourne Grove remind me of a wonderful performance I was fortunate

enough to see in Brussels just before the war. In those days—for all I know the prohibition continues in force—natives of the Congo who came to Belgium were never allowed back to their homeland for fear of spreading "dangerous thoughts." Roaming the damp streets of Brussels, without hope of again seeing their own steaming forests, were a few score negroes, for the most part tinkers, scraping a miserable existence off the sale of buttons.

But once a week they forgot their hunger, forgot the rain and the contempt they lived

in. Gathering in a café kept by one of their race near the Gare du Midi, they would dance, still in their rags, the dances of their far-off villages. Pierre Janlet, the energetic head of the Palais des Beaux Arts, heard of these ceremonies, attended one of them. The next we knew, he had persuaded the gifted tinkers to give a recital in his theatre. Nay more. Out of the Congo Museum at Tervuren he coaxed shields and assegais and ceremonial jewellery, so that the performers were dressed up like princes and princesses. One of their dances will linger for ever in my memory. Performed by two young men and a girl, it was the story of some hunters who shoot an invisible bird. The tenderness and misery with which the girl keened over the still warm body, smoothed feathers we could not see, well nigh moved one to tears. To end, the negroes burlesqued the world of the whites, in top hats



and white flannels. And let me here say, for all their poverty, their pride was as inordinate as that of Gainsborough's daughters. Indeed, after the dress rehearsal, they got so beside themselves, fell to quarrelling so bitterly, that four Belgian generals, with Congo experience and rhinoceros whips, were placed in the wings to keep order.

## London Traffic

THE reviving confusion of London's streets sets me thinking with a pang of the days, little more than a century ago, when only the well-to-do rode about their affairs, and down the length of Piccadilly, even on an afternoon in June, you would not see more than a dozen vehicles at a time. Wren, with his dream of ninety-foot boulevards, of course anticipated the day when wheeled traffic would crowd our capital. But so long as London clung to the river, water provided the ideal means of getting about. The trouble began with the expansion



Mrs. Laycock, Mr. E. H. Keeling, the Mayor of Westminster and M.P. for Twickenham, with Maj.-Gen. Robert Laycock



The Marquis de Casa Maury and the Marquessa de Casa Maury who is the mother of Mrs. Robert Laycock



of London north and south of the Thames in the first years of the nineteenth century. Shillibeer brought over the omnibus from Paris in 1829; its existence was legalized by the Hackney Carriage Act of 1831. For a time a score of bus companies fought a savage war for mastery of the streets, even kidnapping their passengers. A hundred years ago, if you tried to board, let us say, a chocolate bus for

the Bank, you might find yourself pulled into a green one going in the opposite direction.

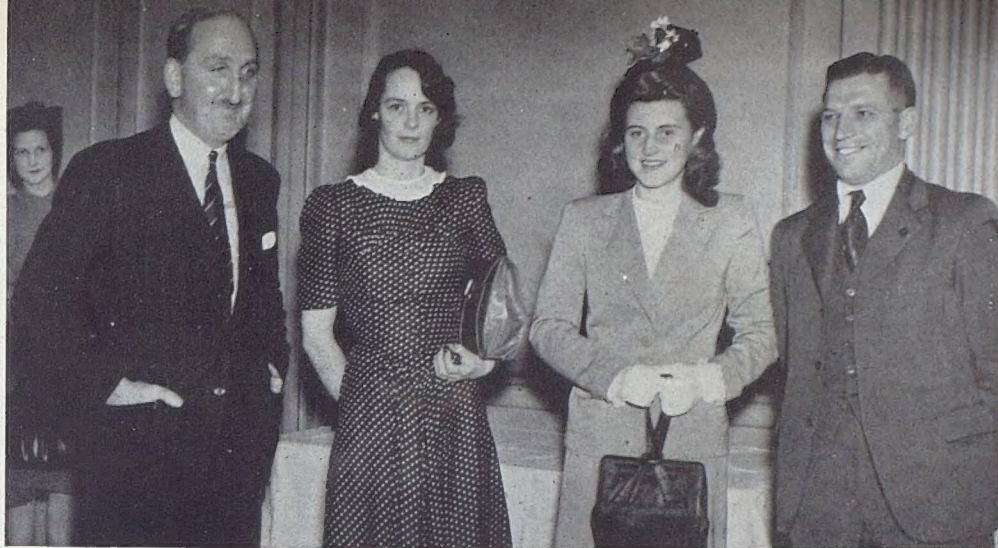
The French remained the leading experts on buses; and in 1855 a group of French financiers appalled by the muddle of our bus services, during the Great Exhibition, formed the "Compagnie

Générale des Omnibus de Londres" to buy up most of the competing businesses. Thus was created the London General Omnibus Company which lasted certainly until my childhood, when it was merged into the London Passenger Transport Board.

What strange episodes stud the history of London's traffic—the deadly war between the Metropolitan and the Metropolitan and District, really a personal feud between chairmen, which was pursued without thought for the unfortunate stockholders. Or the strange, rather tragic adventures of the American, E. F. Train, who first brought trams to London in 1861. His horse-drawn trams trundled along Chancery Lane; another service carried one from the Abbey, down Victoria Street, to Victoria Station. In those days of pot-holed streets London went mad over the smoothness of Train's trams, on their rails. But their competition aroused fury. There followed law suits, public petitions. At last poor Train's concessions were annulled, his trams denounced as a "nuisance." When fashion took another turn ten years later, and trams became all the rage, Train was not there to profit.

#### A Text

"PYRAMIDS, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain-glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition. . . ." (Sir Thomas Browne).



#### Committee Meeting for the Commando Ball

A committee meeting was held recently for the Commando Ball which is to take place at the Dorchester on June 12th. Among those present were Col. Newman, V.C., Mrs. Robert Laycock, deputy chairman of the ball, Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, the chairman, and Captain John Birbeck, M.C.

## Commandos' Cocktail Party Given By Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Laycock



Major and Mrs. Franks, Lt.-Col. Young, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Kiaer. The cocktail party was held in aid of the Commandos' Benevolent Fund



Lord Queenborough and Sir Jocelyn Lucas who is M.P. for the South Division of Portsmouth



Penelope Ward the actress, who is sister of Mrs. Robert Laycock, Group Captain Geoffrey Cheshire, V.C., Judy Campbell the actress, and Miss Maureen Stanley





# JAMES AGATE AT THE PICTURES

London's Six Best Films

I KNOW nothing about Dr. Gallup, but I imagine that he was descended from a Dickensian character, name of Mrs. Gallup, sister to Mrs. Gamp, a lady with the habit of poking her nose into other people's houses and asking what they thought about this, that and the other. I am no believer in the Gallup Poll. I don't care twopence what anybody thinks about the atom bomb, or that latest and most charming scientific discovery whereby some fine Monday morning we are all going to be sprinkled with germ powder and on Wednesday afternoon die of infantile paralysis. I know what I think about these lunacies. I care just as little for those polls on the subject of the most popular film actor and actress. I know which has the minimum of talent and the maximum of inanity, and that's enough for me. In other words, I believe that every man should be his own Gallup.

ON the assumption that this article is being written by James Gallup I shall proceed, taking them as they come, to give the names of the six best films in London. These are *Fric-Frac* (Academy), *Premier Rendezvous* (Curzon), *Le Jour se Lève* (Studio One), *Le Roi s'amuse* (Everyman), and *The Battleship Potemkin* and *Kameradschaft* (Unity). And now, my dear readers, you can just like it or lump it. I'm not going to argue with you. I'm just going to tell you that these six French, German and Russian films are the six best films in London, with Hollywood as much in the rear as a mule is behind a Derby winner, and the British effort several donkey-lengths in the rear.

I HAVE been asked by one or two readers living in Cotswolds and Mendips, where there are no picture palaces or newspapers and the farmers are intelligible only to their cows and pigs and now and again to each other—I have been asked if I would occasionally write a little more about the plots of films. This week seems to be one of those occasions when such a demand is reasonable, and I beg those of my readers who have seen all these films, and whose Rolls-Royces have impeded the traffic at Hampstead and the back of St. Pancras Station—I beg such readers to bear with me for the sake of the few less fortunate among them bogged in the Fens or up to their necks in the Wash.

*Fric-Frac* is a charming comedy about a jeweller's assistant, an honest young man, who falls in with a gang of petty thieves. Delightfully played by Fernandel, Arletty and Michel Simon. *Premier Rendezvous* is a pure fairy tale about a girl's first love. Where Hollywood would make this picture mawkish, it has freshness; where any American version would be full of "What's on your mind, sister?" and the like, this film is full of natural and unforced wit. *Le Jour se Lève* is the story of a welder (Jean Gabin) in love with Jacqueline Laurent, who works at a florist's. Both are orphans, and there seems no reason why they should not make a match of it, except that Jacqueline is fascinated by Jules Berry, who

tours the lesser music halls with a troupe of performing dogs. There is a wonderful little scene in one of these tenth-rate halls with a breath-taking reproduction of a fifteenth-rate singer delivering herself of a patriotic song. But Berry is a sadist and a charlatan, professional breaker of hearts and a liar of the first magnitude. Owing to his affair with Jacqueline he throws over his current mistress, Arletty, who is the assistant in his music-hall



Margaret Lockwood as "Bedelia"

"Bedelia" opens to-day (June 5) at the Plaza. It is the film version of the thriller novel by Vera Caspary. Ian Hunter plays opposite Margaret Lockwood as her husband, Charlie Carrington, and other leading roles are taken by Barry K. Barnes and Anne Crawford. *Bedelia* poses as a widow, though her stories of her past are ambiguous, and she manages to catch Charlie Carrington and marry him. On their honeymoon they meet Ben (Barry K. Barnes) who is a painter, but also a private detective, and it is he who helps to bring the story to its dramatic conclusion

turn. One evening Gabin follows Jacqueline to the dreadful little *boîte* where Berry is performing. He meets in the bar Arletty, Berry's discarded mistress, who that evening has left her lover. Now follows something which Hollywood would consider wildly improper. Arletty says to Gabin: "*Tu me plais. Je te plais.* What about it?" Whereupon Gabin starts an affair with the woman pending the time when the girl shall make up her mind.

BUT now Berry, who has seduced Jacqueline, gets wind of the girl's sentiment for Gabin. This leads to a scene of excellent dissembling. "I want you to leave this child alone," says the *roué*, and then extends his blackguardly cynicism to the point of declaring that he is Jacqueline's father. But it is Gabin who is deceived, not we, because we have already heard of the fellow's magnificence as a liar. This scene is brilliantly played by Berry, with a display of effrontery and *panache* which I must hold to be beyond the compass of any American or English-speaking actor now living. Presently Gabin discovers that Berry's story is a lie. And then the blackguard makes his first mistake. He boasts to Gabin of his success with the young woman. Whereupon Gabin shoots him.

THE whole film is shown in flash-backs. That is to say, we begin with the act of vengeance and are shown the drama as it passes through the mind of Gabin lying on the bed in his garret, while the police outside conduct a siege à la Sydney Street. The whole of this film has a verisimilitude and a reality which are beyond praise. It grips from start to finish, and there is not a foot of waste matter in it. It says what it has to say, and then stops.

*Le Roi s'amuse* is a burlesque, and I suggest that burlesque may be the highest form of truth. The king of some ridiculous country in the Balkans who visits Paris, and at the Opera refrains from applauding for fear of waking the President; the glittering actress who takes on a new lover with less excitement than she pulls on a pair of old stockings; the deputy who uses his wife's infidelity as a stepping-stone to cabinet rank—all these people are entirely true to life and drawn without the slightest exaggeration. Consider the end! The king comes to spend the night at the house of one Bourdier, a deputy of left-wing persuasion but enormously wealthy. After the festivities His Majesty retires to rest and incidentally takes Bourdier's wife with him. Next morning Bourdier threatens a scandal, but is pacified by being given the post of Minister of Commerce, and in gratitude the king signs the trade treaty, which he had not intended to do. I am still laughing at Bourdier's remark on receiving his portfolio: "Tell madame that all is forgiven, but that I still take a poor view of her having chosen the day of my election to cabinet rank to commit *cette inconséquence*." There are lovely performances by Raimu, Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay and Elvire Popescu.

As for the Russian and the German films, the work of Eisenstein and Pabst respectively, I shall only say that in the quarter of a century or so since these pictures were made the art of the cinema has steadily deteriorated. Nothing that the modern master of spectacle can devise with all the millions of dollars at his disposal can begin to touch that scene on the steps at Odessa. While all the sob-stuff of all the world's crooners put together cannot touch the cry of the old man in the mine discovering that the child is not dead. The reels of both films are old and worn and there were frequent stoppages. Which mattered not at all.



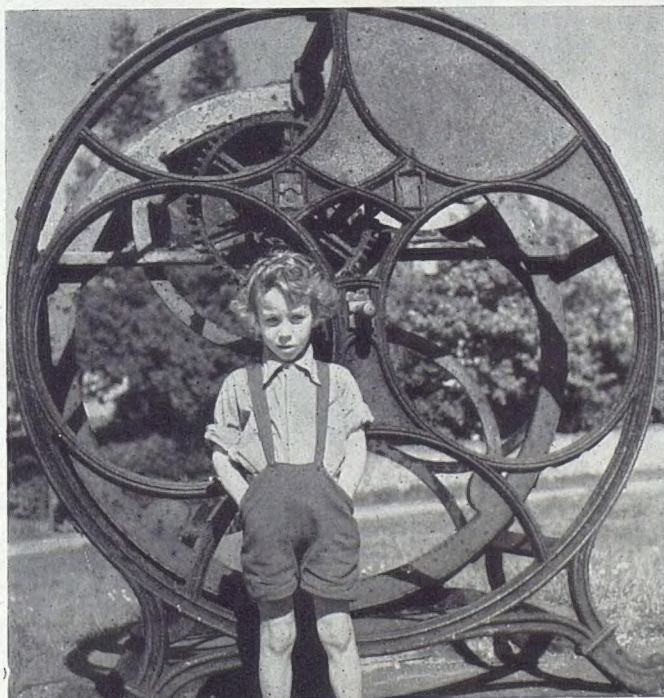
## A Theatrical Family at Home

Manning Whiley  
and His Wife  
Wanda Rotha

Manning Whiley, the stage and film actor, is married to Wanda Rotha, the attractive Viennese actress, and they have a small son, Simon. Mr. Whiley has just returned from Italy, where he has been playing in the new British film *Teheran*, in which he has one of the principal parts. The film was completed in Rome, and also stars Derek Farr and Marta Labarr. It is the first of a series of British films to be made in Europe with British stars and technicians. Manning Whiley had his first London engagement in the Continental season at the Globe Theatre in 1933, after which he joined the Old Vic Company. He was invalided out of the R.A.F., and has recently been seen on the stage in *Desert Rats*, *The Ideal Husband* and *Wingless Victory*, in which he played opposite his wife

Photographs by  
F. J. Goodman

Manning Whiley outside his charming Georgian home in Hertfordshire. He had the opportunity to renew old associations in Italy for he was a pupil of Alexander Moissi who, after Salvini, was perhaps Italy's most famous actor, and with him he studied and acted in Vienna, Prague and Moscow



Four-year-old Simon Whiley has his mother's lovely colouring and takes after his father with a keen interest in mechanics. This old wrought-iron wheel is one of his favourite playthings, and he also likes sailing his yacht on the river that runs through the garden



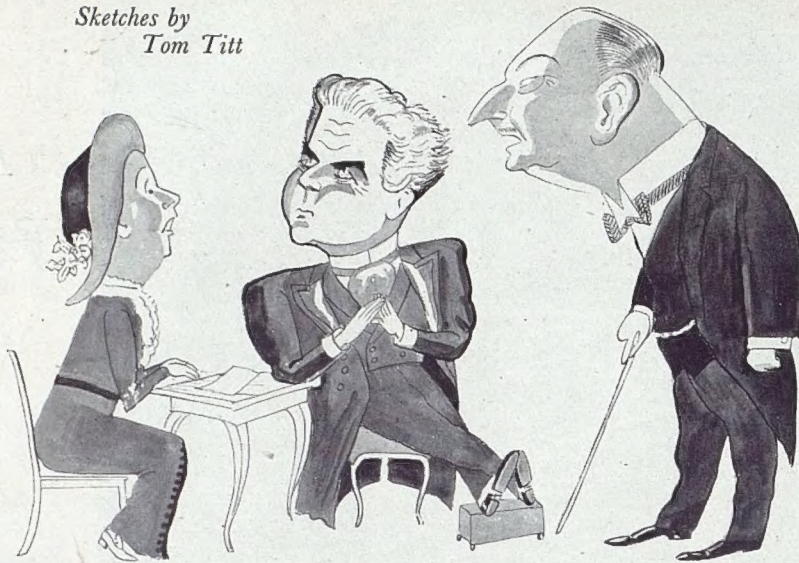
Husband and wife in the sitting-room of their home. Wanda Rotha has recently had little time for her own career, as she has been too busy running her home almost single-handed and looking after her small son. Manning Whiley grew this dramatic beard especially for his film part



Sketches by  
Tom Titt



**The Family Lawyer:** Desmond Curry (Clive Morton), who is in love with the Winslow girl



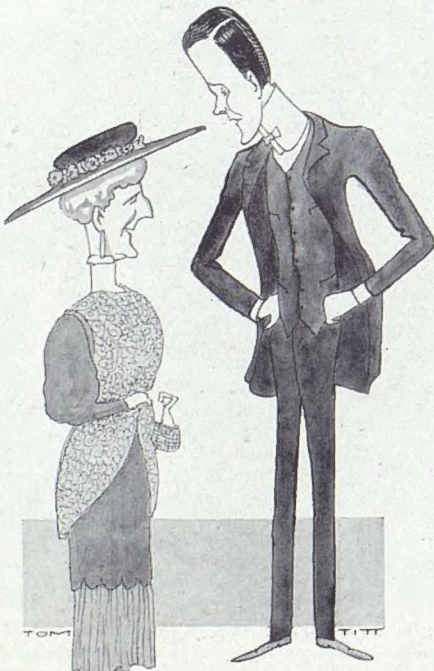
**The Suffragette Daughter, the Great K.C., and the Wrathful Father:** Catherine Winslow (Angela Baddeley) the sincere and plain-speaking sister of the Winslow boy, Sir Robert Morton (Emlyn Williams) the brilliant barrister who vows: "Let right be done," and Arthur Winslow (Frank Cellier) who sacrifices himself and his family in the cause of justice



**The Unsteadfast Lover:** John Watherstone (Alastair Bannerman) who decided that his father's allowance was more important than romance



**The Winslow Boy, Ronnie (Michael Newell), and the faithful but indiscreet family maid, Violet (Kathleen Harrison)**



**Mother and Son:** Grace Winslow (Madge Compton) the perpetual mother and her well-meaning, but somewhat scatterbrain son, Dickie (Jack Watling)

# The Theatre

## "The Winslow Boy" (Lyric)

IT is with the liveliest anticipation that one goes to a new Terence Rattigan. He alone among the young men has the trick (now exhibited four times in succession) of writing plays that run for years, and though the great cause of Drama has not so far benefited to any notable extent, one always hopes it may. Even when he is plainly content only to serve that other great cause, the cause of cheering us all up, Mr. Rattigan is no less sure of himself than was Mr. Somerset Maugham in his early days. His third acts are weak, but not ruinously so, and we have the feeling that should his imagination ever kindle to a big theme he will give us a big play. Now the Archer-Shee case, which is the theme of his fifth piece, was famous in 1908 for its power to fire the imagination. The dismissal from Osborne of a naval cadet convicted on flimsy evidence of having stolen a five shilling postal order and the sustained fight for a fair trial put up by his family became for Sir Edward Carson, who fought for the boy in court and in Parliament, a highly personal matter and for the Admiralty, the Government and Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney General, an increasingly acute headache. It seemed very possible, as we waited for the curtain to rise at the Lyric, that this case had in retrospect also fired Mr. Rattigan's imagination. Were we in, then, for his big play?

And when the curtain fell on the second scene of the first act we told each other that this undoubtedly was it. In those two scenes, one half of the play, Mr. Rattigan never once puts a foot wrong. The unexpected return of the cadet from Osborne, a dismayed child with his letter of dismissal burning a hole in his pocket, is moving and natural, and all that delays the boy's meeting with Arthur Winslow, the stiff but just father, until the end of the first scene is nicely contrived to keep suspense alive. Then the single question with which the father assures himself of the boy's innocence is a fine theatrical stroke. There follows the play's highlight—the boy's savage private cross-examination by the eminent K.C. whose interest has been roused

in the case, a cross-examination which elicits protests from the assembled family, reduces the boy to tears and ends with Sir Robert saying, "The boy did not steal the postal order. I will accept the brief."

NOTHING could be better than all this. The love affairs of the cadet's suffragist sister, the charming fecklessness of his undergraduate brother, the graciousness of his mother, the nodosities of his father's character have all been neatly dovetailed to reinforce the play's main point: that this high-handed treatment by authority of an innocent youngster is no trivial matter, but touches the liberty of the individual. We are agog to see as much as we can of the momentous struggle to put bureaucracy in its place. In the second half Mr. Rattigan does not altogether disappoint this expectation but he by no means satisfies it. He decides to concentrate on the sacrifices made by the Winslow family to sustain the struggle and to report the struggle itself in a series of snippets, some of them extremely well judged. Thus he gets the perhaps necessary love interest and the somewhat easy pathos of the high price that Arthur Winslow's iron will exacts from himself and his family. It is all very skilfully done, but the doing of it turns what might have been a big play into what will almost certainly be a highly successful one.

THE acting is so good that it may almost be said to afford the steep decline of interest that takes place half-way through the evening. Mr. Frank Cellier's study of the father is a ripe and masterful piece of work; Miss Angela Baddeley sees to it that the love interest earns its place; Mr. Clive Morton, Miss Kathleen Harrison, Mr. Jack Watling, Miss Madge Compton and Michael Newell, as the boy who "wastes" the time of Parliament, are a splendid team; and Mr. Emlyn Williams, though miscast as the formidable K.C., shows how skilfully a good actor can work himself against stream.

ANTHONY COOKMAN





"My father was Young Woodley  
They expelled him rather rudely  
From one of our exclusive public schools"

Photographs by Alexander Bender



"When Europe was attacked and overpowered,  
Mr. Coward—though ostensibly performing just for Ensa,  
Was asked by Mr. Churchill to commence a  
Diplomatic tour to save the British Raj"  
"Noel, Noel"—one of Alan Melville's most brilliant satirical  
lyrics

"Mine was a mine!"  
"Sea Shanty"—the tale of an  
unsuccessful bathing belle on the  
Brighton beach—another Alan  
Melville success, with music by  
Charles Zwarz

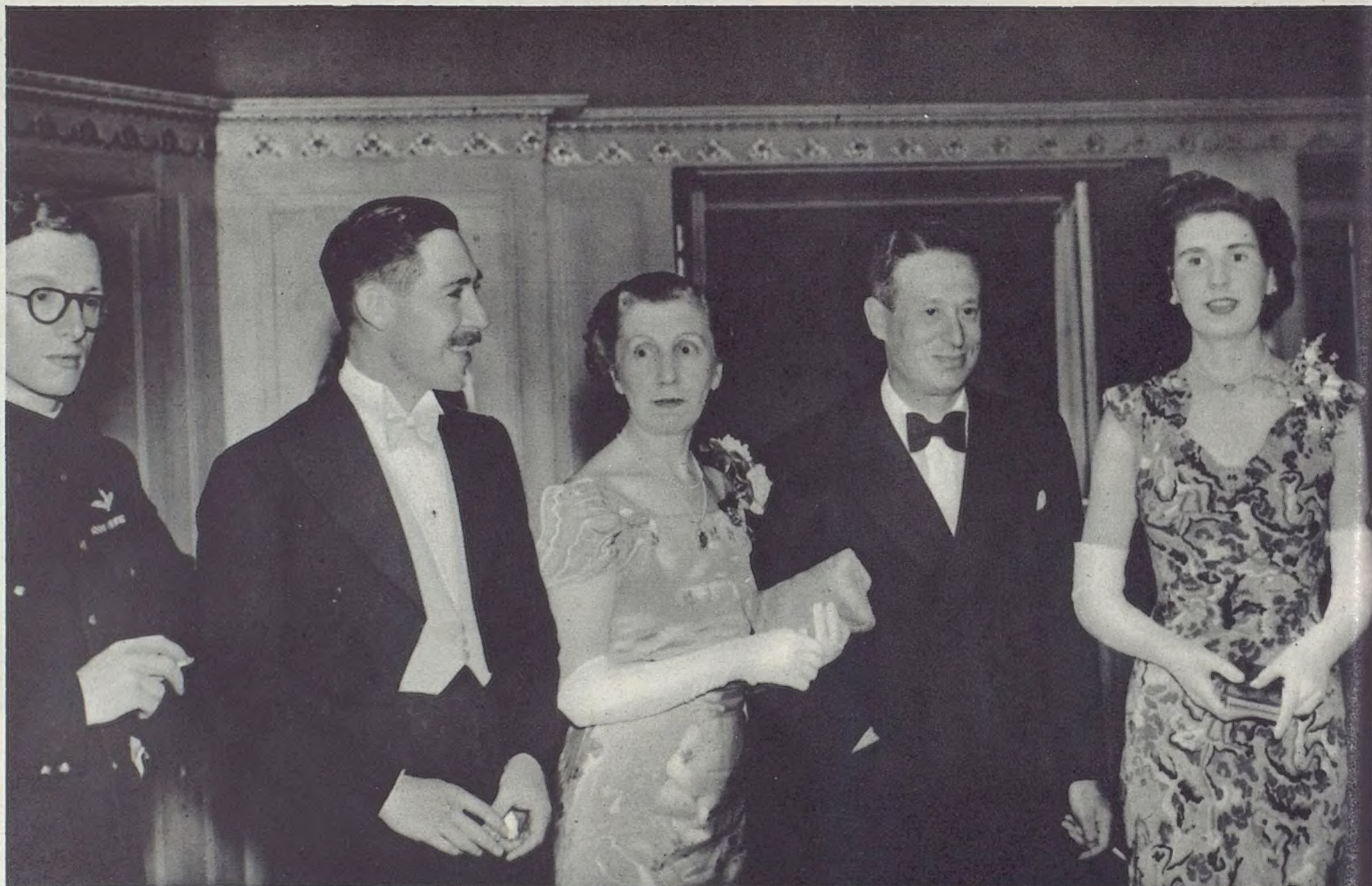
"Do you get *The Stage* sent up?"  
"Where I come from, Harry, darling,  
nothing's sent up."  
It's cramped Lilian's style dreadfully"  
The Gingold (in heaven) visits her  
co-star, Henry Kendall (in hell)

## Gingold Burlesque at Its Sweetest and Lowest

Nightly the crowds are flocking to the little Ambassadors Theatre in St. Martin's Lane to see London's brightest, gayest, most satirical show *Sweetest and Lowest*—third generation and worthy offspring of that most subtle union *Sweet and Low*. Hermione Gingold and her partner in crime, Henry Kendall, provide wit, laughter, nostalgia and sentiment cunningly combined by Alan Melville and presented most musically by Charles Zwarz



# *Jannifer* GOES TO A DANCE FOR DEBS.



Major E. D. V. Prendergast, Lord Guernsey, son and heir of the Earl of Aylesford, who married the former Miss R. Tyer in March this year, Mrs. Wallace, the Duke of Luna, Naval Attaché at the Spanish Embassy, and Miss Anne Wallace



Sub-Lieut. P. E. D. Stearns, R.N., and the Hon. Gwyneth Bruce, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdare



Capt. M. Llewellyn and Miss Bronwen Williams-Wynn, daughter of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn



The Hon. Rosemary Plumer, youngest daughter of Viscountess Plumer, and the Hon. George Leslie-Melville, the Earl and Countess of Leven's younger son



# She says—

FOUR hostesses together gave one of the best debutante dances of the season recently. They were Viscountess Plumer, Mrs. Frank Wallace, Mrs. Hugh Crosland and Mrs. Thomas Pryor, for their respective daughters. From the start it was a really gay and amusing party; all the young people were soon dancing and obviously enjoying themselves.

I am sure the reason for this was that so many hostesses had given dinner-parties in the old-fashioned way before the dance, so that many of the girls and boys had got to know each other before the dance really started. Besides the four joint-hostesses, who all had large parties, Susan Duchess of Grafton, Mrs. Allsop, Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Bengough and Mrs. Mostyn-Owen had dinner-parties for the dance. Jack and Daphne Barker gave a very good cabaret with their amusing songs, and were followed by a piper who played for an "eightsome." This was very popular, and the floor was crowded with dancers who quickly made up their sets; later they danced "Strip the Willow" with equal vigour. The Hon. Rosemary Plumer, who has lovely auburn hair, had chosen as her coming-out dress, white lace; Miss Marianne Pryor was also in white; her younger sister, who was allowed up from school for the night (incidentally, she is head girl of Downham this term), was in magenta taffeta.

Miss Anne Wallace, who is tall and willowy with a lovely figure, wore a most attractive printed dress; Miss Diana Crosland looked pretty in peach lace. Miss Monique Bohn, with two red flowers in her hair, was dancing with Lord Montagu of Beaulieu; Miss Elizabeth Moncrieff, dark and good-looking, was partnering the Hon. Peter Strutt. Lord and Lady Guernsey were dancing together, the latter wearing her beautiful wedding-dress of the most priceless brocade which belonged to her great-grandmother.

LORD GUERNSEY, who is now out of the Army, told me they seldom come to London, as he is busy helping his father run the farm and forestry on the family estates in the Midlands. A really lovely girl at the dance was the Hon. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford's youngest daughter, Alice; her father has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Trinidad since 1942. Alice Clifford is half-American, as her mother, Lady Clifford, came from Ohio. Others dancing were Lady Cecilia Anson, Lord Swansea, Lady Cecilia FitzRoy, Brigadier Bernard Ferguson, who wrote *Eton Portrait* and *Beyond the Chindwin*; Mr. Frank Wallace, helping his wife look after their guests; the Hon. Brigid Westenra, Lord Rossmore's daughter, and the Hon. Mrs. Hughes Onslow.

I saw also the Duke and Duchess of Luna, the latter looking most attractive in black; Miss Anne Constable Maxwell, Miss Audrey Oliver, who has just been demobilised from the W.R.N.S. after serving two years in the Far East; Miss Elizabeth Richmond and her fiancé, Mr. Micky Brand, Mr. Paul Methuen, Sir Thomas Buxton, Miss Bronwen Williams-Wynn, Miss Ann Butterwick and Miss Elizabeth Batten.



Miss Sheena Macintosh, daughter of Lady Jean Macintosh, Mr. N. Hughes, the Hon. Patricia Stourton, only daughter of Lord and Lady Mowbray, Mr. Malby Crofton and Miss Monique Bohn



The Duchess of Luna, wife of the Duke of Luna, Naval Attaché at the Spanish Embassy, Mr. Frank Wallace, whose wife was one of the joint-hostesses, Mrs. Kenward, and Col. H. P. Lenanton



The Hon. Karis Mond, only daughter of Lord and Lady Melchett, Miss Bridget Lowther, the Hon. Julian Mond, son and heir of Lord Melchett, Miss D. Crosland, Lieut. G. Bayley and Miss Lawrence Drake





*Christened During a Thunderstorm: the Infant Earl Compton, Son and Heir of the Marquess*

*Outside the church after the christening were Mr. David Heaton (godfather), Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, who was representing Lord Ashburton as godfather, the Marchioness of Northampton with the baby, the Bishop of Peterborough, who conducted the ceremony, the Marquess of Northampton with Lady Elizabeth Compton, Lady Judith Compton (in front), Miss H. Hobson (godmother) and Mrs. V. Llewellyn (godmother)*

*Guests arrived at Castle Ashby in heavy rain after the christening. A violent storm which commenced just before the ceremony went on until the last of the guests had arrived at the castle, and during the service lightning lit the proceedings and great gusts of thunder rolled about the church*

*Janifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE KING paid one of his all too rare visits to a cricket ground, driving to the Oval—of which he is, as holder of the Duchy of Cornwall Estates, ground landlord—to watch that memorable game in which the veteran stalwarts of many a Test match faced, and nearly defeated, the Surrey County eleven. The match was in aid of the Surrey Club's appeal in its centenary year for money to rebuild after the ravages of war, and the King, not content with attending the game, sent along a donation of £100 for the fund, and autographed a miniature bat for presentation to the Club's president, Mr. B. N. Glanvill. From the upper verandah of the pavilion, the King watched the effortless batting of Woolley, that classic left-hand stylist, as he hit boundary after easy (looking) boundary, and saw "Patsy" Hendren, the one-time best-loved bat at Lord's, and now coach at Harrow, playing the careful middle of his innings of 94. With His Majesty was Sir Alan Lascelles, his Private Secretary, himself a cricket enthusiast of many years standing, and the only regret the King can have had (and one which Sir Alan certainly shared) was that important business of State, in the shape of an audience to Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, who had many weighty matters to discuss, called him urgently back to Buckingham Palace an hour before close of play. The Oval crowd of between 10,000 and 15,000 cricket lovers much appreciated the King's gesture of support to the national game.

No doubt about it, Queen Mary is a very remarkable person, and one of the most energetic and active women of her age in the country. The day before her seventy-ninth birthday she went to see that very frank and unusual play *Pick-up Girl*, at the New Lindsay Theatre Club, which has for its theme the subject of child delinquency, a matter near to Queen Mary's heart.

### FIELD-MARSHAL SMUTS

THE High Commissioner for South Africa, Mr. Heaton-Nicholls, gave a reception at South Africa House in honour of Field-Marshal

Smuts. Mr. Heaton-Nicholls received the guests at the top of the wide marble stairs, with the Field-Marshal on one side and his charming daughter, Mrs. Evans Pritchard, looking very attractive in blue, on his other side. Soon the reception rooms were crowded, and among the many members of the diplomatic corps, distinguished visitors from overseas, Members of both Houses of Parliament and other interesting guests at this party, were that much-beloved couple the Earl of Athlone, former Governor of Canada, with Princess Alice, whom everyone in this country has missed enormously during their long absence in Canada. They had a long talk to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, who both went to Buckingham Palace the following day upon Mr. Massey relinquishing his appointment as High Commissioner for Canada in London—a post which he has held so successfully for the past ten years. The Masseys have now gone back to settle in their home in Ontario. A quartet chatting together were the Prime Minister of Canada, the Rt. Hon. W. Mackenzie King, with Viscount Bennett, Mr. Walter Nash, the Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, and Admiral Hewitt, of the U.S.N.

After shaking hands with nearly a thousand guests, Field-Marshal Smuts moved into the reception rooms, where he was soon joking with Mr. and Mrs. Attlee. Many people were saying how well the Field-Marshal was looking. His son, Major Jacob Smuts, who is acting as A.D.C. to his father, was greeting many old friends of former visits to this country. Lord and Lady Chetwode, M. Massigli, Mr. Herbert Morrison, M. and Mme. Leontic, Lord Belper, Lady Melchett, G/Capt. and Mrs. Ford and Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield were others at this very interesting party.

### COMING EVENTS

JUNE 12th promises to be a busy evening for Princess Elizabeth, as she has promised to attend the premiere of *La Bohème*, at the Cambridge Theatre, and then go on to the Dorchester for the Commandos' Ball. The premiere of *La Bohème* is being given in aid of the

Returned British Prisoners-of-War Association. Viscount Tarbat (ex-P.O.W.) is chairman of this Association and working hard to help all ex-P.O.W.s who need jobs, homes, medical aid or financial help, at the headquarters of the Association in Cadogan Square. The Ball is for an equally good cause, the Commandos' Benevolent Fund. From June 10th to 16th is Commando Week, when their target is to raise £100,000. All over the country events are shaping: in London, besides the Ball on June 12th, there will be a dinner at the Mansion House on June 14th, when Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, President of the Fund, will speak. Major-Gen. and Mrs. Robert Laycock gave a cocktail-party to launch this week what is known as "Operation Unforgetting," and among those I met at the party who have promised to help were Sir Alan and Lady Herbert, Lord Queensborough, Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, Capt. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, Mrs. James Rank, G/Capt. Cheshire, V.C., Lt.-Col. Newman, V.C. (leader of the St. Nazaire raid), and the Earl and Countess Beatty.

### "MONTY'S" APPEAL

FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY is giving his support to the Victory Eve Ball to be held at the Dorchester on Friday, June 7th, in aid of the National Association of Boys' Clubs. The idea originated in Oflag 79, Brunswick, in North Germany. Here 2000 prisoners raised £13,000 and guarantees of £700 a year for a Boys' Club in London. A further £22,000 was given at a dinner held at the Guildhall on May 21st, attended by Field-Marshal Montgomery, making the total figure raised to date £192,000. The target is £500,000, the aim being to re-equip existing boys' clubs and establish new ones all over the country, inspired by "virile, dynamic and God-fearing leadership."

Other "fixtures" this month are the Mid-summer Ball at Grosvenor House on June 21st in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, and the Children's Garden Party on June 28th.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale is busy at her home, Yester House, Gifford, in East Lothian,





Marchioness of Northampton, Christened at Castle Ashby Church, Northamptonshire

The High Sheriff of Northampton, Lieut.-Col. T. A. Thornton, Mrs. T. A. Thornton, Lieut. Nigel Thornton, and Mme. O'Grady after the reception. Other guests at the christening included Major-General Sir Hereward Wake and the Earl and Countess Spencer



Eric Ager, Northampton

Lady Elizabeth Compton, the Marchioness of Northampton with the new Earl Compton, who was given the names of Spencer Douglas David, and the Marquess of Northampton with Lady Judith Compton

ending out tickets for the former, of which she is chairman, with Lady Hamond-Graeme and Lady Pesham as vice-chairmen. Children are also giving a charity party this month. This has been arranged on June 28th, when Mrs. Michael will has organised a Children's Garden Party in aid of the Mothercraft Training Society in the gardens of St. James's Palace, where the children will find a band, slides, swings and a lunch and Judy Show.

#### LEAFY LINGFIELD

It was hard to believe, as one strolled past the well-kept rockery bordering the lawns and out into the paddock surrounded by huge chestnut-trees in full bloom, that this lovely course, so well named "Leafy Lingfield," had been a prisoner-of-war camp for six years. True, some of the stands and buildings show signs of wear and tear and lack of paint, but most important, the course was in splendid condition. Lord Astor, who has recently returned from his visit to America, was unfortunately not well enough to be present to see Fast and Fair win the Derby Trial Stakes by three lengths from Starway, with Edward D'Or, the favourite, third. This race always brings a big crowd to Lingfield, and among those who had come to see the race were the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the latter in grey; the Marquess of Abergavenny, who lives quite near at Eridge Castle, was with his son and daughter-in-law, the Earl and Countess of Lewes, the latter looking pretty in scarlet. Mary Marchioness of Abergavenny, widow of the present Marquess's uncle, had also motored over from her home near by. Canadian-born Viscountess Hardinge, looking attractive in grey with a little white hat, was meeting many friends. Mrs. Luke Lillingston, who one meets more often racing in Ireland (she won this year's Irish National with her horse Golden View II), was watching the horses with her son, the Earl of Harrington, and Mrs. Evan Williams, who also races a lot in Ireland. Mr. Roger Hall, who was in the Life Guards during the war, was lucky in being able to avoid the traffic jam, as he is living with his wife and small family at Lingfield Hall until they can move into the new house they have bought in the county.

OTHERS I saw were the Duchess of Norfolk with Lady Irwin and Miss Priscilla Bullock, Sir Thomas Butler, Miss Kathleen Styles, a former Master of the West Kent, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Capt. Tony Weatherall, who is home from his regiment, the 7th Hussars, to march in the Victory Parade on Saturday, Lady Petre, Mr. and Mrs. David Reid, Col. Giles Loder and the Hon. Lionel Montague.

## Irish Racing at Leopardstown

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Miss Grania Kennedy, sister of Viscountess Jocelyn, wife of the Earl of Roden's son and heir, and Miss Darley



Miss Gloria Nugent, daughter of Sir Walter Nugent. Her father is a member of the Irish Turf Club



Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Grey. Mr. Grey is the son of the late Sir John Grey, and Mrs. Grey was formerly Miss Anne Hickman



Lady Ainsworth, wife of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Bt., and Lt.-Col. B. Charteris, of Cahir Park, County Tipperary



# Army and Military Police Ball at Sandhurst

Held in the Gymnasium



Brig. N. C. M. Sykes, O.B.E., M.C., Major-Gen. Erskine, D.S.O., the Provost-Marshal and patron of the ball, Lt.-Col. E. F. L. Wright, Commandant of the Depot and president of the ball, and Major Garfield Bice, the chairman



Mrs. M. Mackay and Lt.-Col. B. Mackay with Miss Gene Ashford and Lt. R. R. Cattle



Capt. H. Marsh, Mrs. T. Carroll, Major T. Carroll, Miss Maureen Carter, Major D. Drysdale and Mrs. Henry Marsh



Major W. G. Reid, Mrs. Desmond Bannister, Mrs. W. G. Reid, Lt.-Col. T. G. Charles, Mrs. T. G. Charles, Major R. E. Robinson, Mrs. R. E. Robinson and Major Desmond Bannister

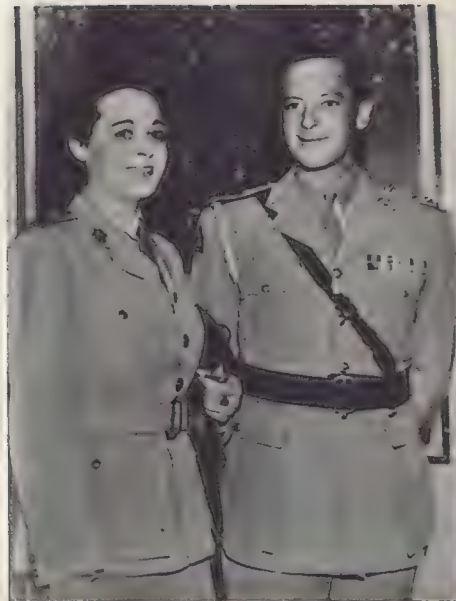


Capt. P. Willey, Mrs. A. J. L. Webb, Capt. B. J. H. O'Reilly, Mrs. B. J. H. O'Reilly, and Capt. and Mrs. L. R. Kemp



# Reception in Honour of Field-Marshal Smuts

At South Africa House



Major G. Wille, W.A.A.C., and Lt.-Col. R. Reeves-More, Imperial Light Horse of South Africa



Mr. Douglas Fraser, Sir Ian Fraser, M.P. for the Lonsdale Division of Lancashire, and Lady Fraser



Mrs. Evans-Pritchard, daughter of the High Commissioner for South Africa, and Mr. M. G. Heaton-Nicholls



Lady Claud Hamilton and her husband, Lord Claud Hamilton, who is the brother of the Duke of Abercorn



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Elwes, who is a sister of Lord Rennell



Mrs. Atlee and the Prime Minister, Mr. Atlee, with Field-Marshal Smuts, the Prime Minister for the Union of South Africa



# Here is the Farm-on-the-Island

## Parisienne PRISCILLA

## DOWN ON



*The East End of the Farm*



*Seen from the Wood*

*Written from the Farm-on-the-Island.*

Oh, but it's good to be here! A slanting haze of rain and a howling wind accompanied us from Nantes to . . . the place where we leave the mainland and then, suddenly, as we came in sight of the causeway that leads to the Island, the rain ceased, the clouds drifted, patches of brilliant blue shone through and in the distance, wonderful as a mirage under the warm sun, was the happy isle that I have not seen for five long years. It was Sunday. From the window above the grocer's shop, in the first hamlet we passed through, peered the same blonde *incomprise* who told me her woes when I was last here in July 1940 trying to get over the shock of Pétain's armistice. But it seemed to me that the long, peroxide locks that used to wave around her shoulders were short and curly. Query: did she give over playing Melisande and cut 'em—or was she shaved? I did not stop to ask!

A few hundred yards to the left of the Route Nationale I spied the pointed top of Robert Kemp's converted mill. Two evenings ago I had met Robert on "active service" as dramatic critic of *Le Monde* (ex-*Temps*), and I had promised to give him news of his summer home. I shall pretend I have forgotten. It was too melancholy. Weeds everywhere, ravaged flowerbeds; dead young fruit-trees, shutters clattering on broken hinges. Little things that are easily remedied when one is on the spot, but disturbing to think about from afar. How well I know this.

PEOPLE have written me that I would find great changes here. I have yet to discover them. I see nothing more than I expected. A few depressed—but plump—German P.O.W.s working in the fields or playing fireworks amongst the rocks of the main beach where, in summer, the boat arrives at the nor'-easterly point of the Island and which has been heavily mined. A few blockhouses in the woods. New names over certain shops. The bicycle vendor

has become a radio expert. Children have become Young-People: some of them are already married, with infants of their own.

The old families still live in the big houses. The de Navacelles, de Maîtres, de Chauverons, de Lambillys . . . but they have all joined the string-bag brigade. We meet on our bicycles every morning in the Grande rue, since the inland village shops no longer undertake to deliver supplies to the coast. Unblushingly they tell each other that they "haven't changed a bit," while noting grey hairs, wrinkles and swollen joints! They all display snapshots of young relatives in uniform and boast of their exploits during the last five years without ever mentioning the part they have played themselves.

There is a great moan about the high cost of living, the difficulty of getting repairs done and the dearth of girls-from-the-village. Personally, I cannot complain. Perhaps it is because I have been away so long that they welcomed me so kindly, and I found the carpenter, the locksmith and the tinker all too ready to "oblige." My little *Ferme du Bel Air*, which is just a made-over fishing shack, has been wonderfully cared for by my fisher and peasant neighbours. When danger threatened the unoccupied house they smuggled away my most precious bits and pieces. The woman who acts as caretaker, coming over from the village to open the windows and air the place every week, took all my mattresses to her own home and piled them on her bed and those of her children: they had to climb to roost *via* a chair every evening, and the Boche found nothing that, from his point of view, was worth taking.

Even a daily help turned up, greatly to my Josephine's joy, for the cobwebs and dust were rather terrific. True that this particular wench, who first came to the Farm as bottle-washer and errand-runner some fifteen years ago, when she was a mere sixteen, has since become one of the Island's light-o'-loves! Oh, quite in an amateur way; there is nothing venal about her.



*It Stands on the Dunes Just Above the Beach*



*Priscilla and a Friend Indulge in a Spot of Exercise*



## Living in Switzerland Now

Photographs by Brodrick Haldane

# THE FARM

Her first . . . error of judgment occurred in '38, upon which she was properly lectured . . . and, also, taken care of. She promised to amend her ways; but '39 repeated the story! There is a French saying that "war years count double," and Léonce illustrates it by twice having had twins! However, they are bonny bairns and, as the late Harry Baur, who also lived on this Island, said after her second slip: "After all, why shouldn't the poor girl have a hobby?"

**THE FARM**—this is a courtesy title really, for we grow nothing but coarse grass, and small white snails represent the only animal life—is a long, low building with timbered ceilings, red-brick floors and cream-washed walls roofed with old, grey-pink, rounded tiles mortared into place. The doors open on to the dune and the beach. The Occupants took away all my gates and fences, not forgetting the wire netting of the irretrievably cut-up tennis court, so that nowadays strangers can wander up to the house and peer through the windows at most awkward moments. But, thanks be, there are not many strangers on the Island yet. We do not encourage tourists! Besides, what would tourists want with us, since we boast of neither casino, cinema or golf-links? There will be dancing *when* the young people arrive in July, moonlight bathing, fishing and sailing parties, but these are all, so to write, home-made pleasures!

July also will bring our celebrities: Raymond Genty, with his latest volume of poems; Andréa Percin, choreographer of the Paris théâtre du Châtelet, where all good children are taken; Ded Rysel, of radio fame; Germaine Cossini, the singer; Mrs. Gould-Minot, who has one of the loveliest old houses on the Atlantic coast of the Island; Miss Dorothy Swanson, who was taken from her home here by the Germans in 1943 and whose concerts, when she was interned at Vittel, were such a joy to her sisters in captivity; M. Vizavona, the architect, whose clever wife, Suzanne Cautin, was for many years secretary to Cécile Sorel and has many good stories to tell of those hectic days. All these charming people, and the friends who come from the mainland to see them, unite in making this our "*île heureuse*."

### Voilà!

#### An Island Story

● The young widow of an elderly and wealthy farmer thought to express the immensity of her grief by setting an elaborate marble monument over his grave. She was asked by the stone-cutter what inscription she desired, and he suggested that "Rest in Peace" was always suitable, eloquent and touching. The widow agreed, and was then asked to decide between "*Repose en Paix*" or "*Requiescat in Pace*."

"Oh!" answered she. "Put it in Latin! It's so much more dressy!"



*Princess Christian of Hesse is the former Miss Elizabeth Reid Rogers, of New York and Washington. She has two sons, both of whom, like their parents, are now Swiss subjects. The Prince and Princess of Hesse succeeded in escaping from the Nazis at the beginning of the war, but their sons were for a time held as hostages. Prince Christian recently received the honour of the Freedom of Geneva*



*Madame Theo Preux and her baby son, Jaques, were photographed in the orangery of Petit Ouchy, the home of her mother, Mrs. Walter Mermod. Her mother's home is one of the most beautiful in Lausanne. The house is in a wonderful position above the lake and is most exquisitely furnished. Mme. Preux has two sons and lives near Lausanne*



*The Countess de Bendern, wife of the Count de Bendern, is Lord Gerard's only sister and another refugee from the Nazis. She was in Biarritz when France fell, and for a while was interned by the Germans. She has two sons, Count Alaric, and Count John de Bendern, who married the former Lady Patricia Douglas, daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry*



*Count de Bendern, Diplomatic Counsellor for Liechtenstein, at his house at Le Minaret, which overlooks the Lake of Neuchâtel, at the foot of the Jura Mountains. Here he has one of the most remarkable aviaries on the Continent, with more than fifty different kinds of birds. He was created Count de Bendern of Bendern in 1936*



# AN IRISH WEDDING IN COUNTY WICKLOW

The marriage took place recently at the Church of the Ascension, Ballynure, Co. Wicklow, of Major Alexander Reid-Scott, M.C., 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), and Miss Ann Mitchell, daughter of Lt.-Col. C. C. Mitchell, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Mitchell. Col. Mitchell is ex-Joint-Master of the Kildare Hounds and is now a member of the committee of three hunting hounds. Major Reid-Scott is the son of the late Col. Reid-Scott, D.S.O., and Mrs. Reid-Scott, of White Notley Hall, Witham, Essex

*Photographs by Poole, Dublin*



The pages were Hugh McCalmont, the son of Major Dermot McCalmont, Master of the Kilkenny Hounds, and Rory Annesley, son of Mr. Gerald Annesley, who is the son of the late Cdr. G. Sowerby, R.N., and of Lady Mabel Annesley, who resumed the name of Annesley on the death of her husband



*Major Alexander Reid-Scott and His Bride, Miss Ann Mitchell*



Lt.-Col. C. C. Mitchell (right), the father of the bride, sounding the hunting horn as the bride and bridegroom leave for their honeymoon. With him are Mrs. John Alexander, Master of the Limerick Hounds, and Capt. Spencer Freeman



Lady William Beresford, who married Lord William Beresford, son of the sixth Marquess of Waterford, last year, and Mrs. C. C. Mitchell, the mother of the bride. The Mitchells' home is Ballynure House, Co. Wicklow





Tunbridge

## AT HOME: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF NORMANTON AND THEIR FAMILY

The Earl of Normanton is the fifth Earl, and succeeded his father in 1933. The Countess of Normanton, who is a sister of the Marquess of Camden, was formerly married to Major Sir Gerard Fuller, and with her are her two elder children, John and Anthony Fuller. She married Lord Normanton in 1944, and their nine-months-old son and heir, Shaun James Christian Welborne Ellis, Viscount Somerton, will be a year old on August 21st. Lord Normanton's home, Somerley, near Ringwood, where this photograph was taken, is situated on one of the best stretches of the River Avon and is also on the edge of the New Forest





The King with "Patsy" Hendren, P. G. H. Fender, Maurice Tate and Frank Woolley

## H.M. The King Watches the Match at the Oval Between Old England and Surrey

The King was present at the Oval for the one-day match in aid of Surrey's appeal for funds which that county played against Old England. When Surrey went in to bat, on the fielding side there was a gathering of cricketers who, between them, with the two umpires, Hobbs and Strudwick, had taken part in 370 Test matches. Among the Old England team were Maurice Tate, one of England's greatest bowlers of all time, Sutcliffe, who had hard luck in being out leg-before-wicket, and Woolley and Hendren, who added 102 runs to the score in a grand partnership, until Woolley was caught in the deep. The match ended in a draw. In the interval the band of the East Surrey Regiment played appropriately, among their repertoire, "The Boys of the Old Brigade."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Standing By ...



"It's the Children's Page editor you want—second on the right . . ."



"What's what, Reginald? Little boys shouldn't ask so many questions"

Now that peers who attend the House regularly are to be allowed their travelling expenses—which, we don't mind informing the sneering rich, will enable at least one pleased patrician, with careful management, to afford an extra packet of gaspers per week—we have a seemly project in mind.

Everyone liable, like us, to Fwow Up each time the scientists and the Press boys begin chorussing about passenger-planes travelling faster than sound, the latest infallible recipe for happiness, will approve, we guess. In many a tumbledown Palladian outhouse there probably lies a ruined coach, battered, mildewed, roosted in by fowls, gnawed by rats, half full of decayed mangolds and rubbish, but still revealing traces of solid gilding, panels painted by Cipriani, chipped and broken baroque Cupids, Tritons, palmtrees and cornucopias. If we were an impecunious nobleman we'd dig out this relic of a more stable England, have it refurbished by the village undertaker, attach six horses, if there are six horses in the country, and roll to Westminster at our lordly ease, just to annoy the Progress cretins. (Yah, fascist!)

### Afterthought

If six horses cannot be found, six ex-Army mules caparisoned in the Spanish mode would look even better. There are few jollier animals than those proud, smart, gay little mules, all over bells and pompoms, who convey ace matadors' barouches to the corrida at a dancing trot. *Olé!* We can see the picturesque inhabitants of the colourful outer London suburbs throwing simple wild-flowers as the cortège rolls past. *Olé!* *Coo!* Wossat-mordie? Slormair! Oymumslookalormair! Cor, mefeeturt!

### Grab

BROODING over the thieving propensities of the Saesneg or Anglo-Saxon—the Gael has a blasting word for it, also—one of the fiery Welch Nationalist boys somehow overlooked

one of the most odious Nordic crimes against his (and our) country, still remembered by some Welchmen: namely the theft of the *Croes-Naid*.

This, for centuries the national rally-point of the Welch and their princes' chief glory, was a famous relic of the True Cross, duly authenticated and encased in a gold shrine of Celtic design thickly encrusted with balas-rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls. Henry VIII bagged the *Croes Naid* in due course and under Edward VI it vanished from mortal ken, the Dean and Chapter of Windsor being strongly suspected. As with the Diamond Necklace of Marie-Antoinette, also broken up in London, it seems impossible that such a treasure could be totally destroyed, and some of its jewels must be still in existence; maybe heaving at this very moment on the urgent bosom of a Black Market emperor's principal mistress in Park Lane. We don't quite know what our hairy, passionate, and greatly-loved kinsmen can do about it except to burst into close-harmony, the way they generally find relief nowadays in any vexing situation. Mrs. Chones the Post Office, will you be coot enough whateffer in your fortissimo not to pellow like a plutty steam-enchine, Cot pless you? Cootness cracious we thought Efans the Milk singing paritone he wass, putt it wass tying he is!

### Island

IN a Canadian paper's Sunday supplement we noted, as once or twice before, a heartsick Highland exile in the wholesale-hardware racket quoting those ever-lovely lines:

From the lone shieling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas,  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!

And once again we wondered why, if this had been written about any other islands, it would quite likely have been a flop. For example:





### Salmon-Fishing in Devon

Lt.-Col. R. Heathcoat-Amory (left) with Sir John and Lady Heathcoat-Amory. Sir John is holding Lt.-Col. Heathcoat-Amory's 15-pounder fish, which he caught while they were fishing on the River Exe, near Tiverton



### Winner at Amersham Horse Show

Mrs. D. G. Mathew with her horse Bonnie Bee, in a gig, which won the Private Single Driving Class at Amersham. Bonnie Bee also won the Open Driving Class at the Cowdray Hunt Horse Show in April, and has some thirty rosettes to its credit

From the lone warehouse and the frousty clerking,  
Ash-dumps divide us, and a waste of bogs;  
But still the heart is strong, the blood is Barking,  
And we in dreams behold the Isle of Dogs.

Having actually explored the hinterland of Barking Creek, which the average Londoner regards vaguely as a frightful dump somewhere on the Thames where refuse is shot, we can state that the men of Barking love their soil as passionately as any Hebridean, that the women of Barking, despite the mud on their faces in early youth, are exquisitely beautiful (Cleopatra was a Barking girl, like Ninon de l'Enclos), and that the Isle of Dogs is so "fey" that Mary Rose is said to haunt the Ajax Blast Furnace and Foundry Corporation, Ltd., the roguery little pest, and the fairies' call ("Any old iron?") is heard night and day.

Next week, chicks, Uncle will relate the Golden Journey to South Mimms, where the aboriginals' feet are whiter than the daisies they tread upon.

### Point

**A** DIGNIFIED *Times* correspondence about the amount of froth a publican is entitled to put into a glass of beer left untouched the main point, which is that however loathsome the beer, with or without extra froth, the citizenry don't mind so long as the earnest "Art-in-the-Tavern" boys hand them a dollop of culture to go with it.

Lowering a pint some time ago in the once-attractive Bat and Ball Inn on Broad Halfpenny Down, Hampshire, so celebrated by the great John Nyren, Father of English Cricket, we thought of Nyren's historic bellyache about the decline of the English pub since the 1780's, when ale was ale. And we reflected how little the quality of the booze matters when you can listen to a fat rosy literary boy giving a lecture, or some sweet little actress yearning her way through an ode or two by Shelley, or, better still, a nice meaty chunk of serious-minded American-highbrow sexy-wexy like that long pathological Eugene O'Neill play performed by painstaking mummies in a Hampstead pub some time ago. Concerning which exhibition we were moved by compassion as follows:

Gripping their pints in dumb and desperate rows,  
The rude fourflushers of the hamlet doze,  
Deaf to Art's piping in a hopeless dawn—  
The wheezy call of incest-breathing Morn.

We feel the arty boys might give just one more performance of *Desire Under the Elms* at the Bat and Ball, under MCC auspices; after which the place might be pulled down and the site strewn with chemical salts.

### Lapse

**S**INCE being roundly ticked off by the *Daily Sketch* in a leading article for dancing the Carmagnole too riotously in her red flannel undies, Auntie *Times* has sobered down a trifle, we perceive. It's just one of those milder pituitary cases, a specialist was telling us, or Old Uncle Libido up to his tricks again.

Elderly ladies with severe repressions often break out thus. Added to which Auntie was probably tempted (this chap added) by one of those dons you see running round. Dons are naturally sadistic, in a pallid fishy way, and nothing would delight one more than to put Auntie on the skids and run away. There is the parallel case of a Fräulein F... of Berlin, aged 59, who was troubled in her dreams by a little Japanese insurance-agent in a glass hat with mauve egret's feathers and took to public disrobing. By dint of unwearied questioning Freud discovered a rather horrid Ph.D. of Heidelberg lurking at the bottom of the case. His summing-up is severe:

In this case the lousy influence of a Mephistophelian academic twirp, assisted by unbalanced thyroid, led to condensation, displacement, a re-entrant sublimated neurosis, and, finally, a Berlin police-station. A good kick in the pants might have saved this unfortunate sweetheart from much embarrassment, and anybody questioning this can step outside.

It's hard on Auntie's clientèle, especially the old ladies at the Close and all those thousands of colonels who do the Crossword every day, but if they lack the moral courage to call Auntie to order, whose fault is it?

### Chums

**H**ARDLY anything being more shaming to a civilised eye than the spectacle of a gaggle of bowlerhatted morons staring at the restless, aimless to-and-fro pacyings of a magnificent caged wild beast of prey breaking his heart for Africa, we trust that Scottish birdlover who is fighting the London Zoo boys for the restoration to freedom of a recently-captured Golden Eagle from Sutherlandshire wins his case.

At a very tender age we were perturbed by the Lion-House, whose fierce faraway contemptuous gaze wipes the entire Race off the earth. Fellows of the Zoological Society, when they are not swinging from the trees or quarrelling over their food, slink nervously past, we notice. They feel more at home, maybe, in the Aquarium, where the odd and often obscene faces looming behind the glass recall many near and dear ones. Many members of the Bath Club have a queer fancy for the Aquarium also. Members of the Athenæum are similarly fascinated by any display of goats, and so are booksy girls from the P.E.N. Club, but for a more sinister reason connected with Walpurgis Night. Many a swaggering booksy witch who flies her own broomstick to the Sabbat cannot sit a goat with grace and ease, and is consequently beaten by the Old One, also by her "familiar," generally a badtempered minor demon called Trivet or Master Parsley.

### Footnote

**I**F you "let on" to any female novelist with net sales over 25,000 that you know these things she will instantly make a wax mommet to represent you and stick pins in it, muttering certain formulæ from the Grand Grimoire, and you will wither slowly away and perish. Don't say we didn't warn you.



"A good likeness, my dear—but I must confess to a strong leaning towards the more modern school"



Army Victory Cup 1946  
Tournament at Camberley  
Heath Golf Club

By "Sabretache"

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

## This Week's Classics

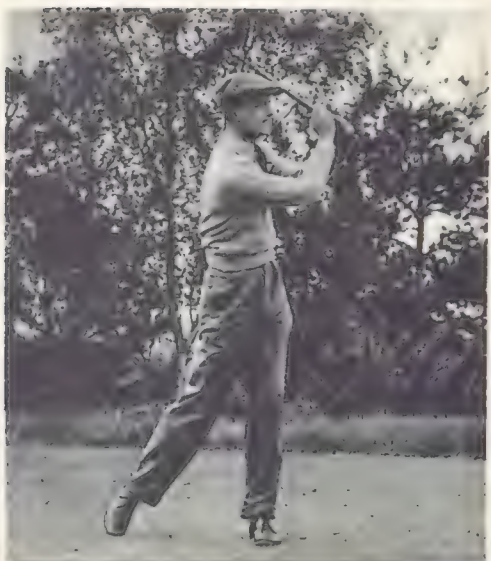
NOTHING—and in one case less than nothing, if that is possible!—has happened in the past week to alter anything. The most useless thing was that ridiculous gallop in the 2-mile Yorkshire Cup. It can only be supposed that the five jockeys concerned must have imagined that time had slipped back a century or more, and that they were riding in one of those four-mile heats, of which our forefathers were so fond, and in which it was quite permissible to canter for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and then trust to the genius of a Sam Chifney to bring the money home. I suggest that we forget this race and think exactly as we did before about Fairwell, Wayside Inn and Co. Stirling Castle won this half-mile scurry, and it neither adds to nor subtracts from his stature. As to the Derby, can anyone put his finger on anything that adds a jot or a tittle to the evidence we already have? If anyone can, he is far cleverer than most of us. Personally, I cannot; but then, I do not pretend to be Cardinal Wiseman. I think exactly as I did after the Guineas—namely, that if this big horse, Happy Knight, is not unbalanced by that hill down to Tattenham Corner, he will do exactly the same to the opposition as he did in the Two Thousand. I see that our friend "Warren Hill," of the *Sporting Life*, a very sage counsellor, computes that on Two Thousand Day Happy Knight was a stone better than anything in the field. He was all that, and then perhaps some, for he had the whole fleet of them in his pocket halfway over. Is there any but the one conclusion possible? It suggests that Happy Knight could afford to canter to the bottom of the hill, and then turn the tap on and leave them all standing still.

## The Epsom "If"

YOU need something between a Kadir Cup horse, who has to take care of himself, and a high-class racehorse to obtain the ideal for this course, which is quite *sui generis*. You would not ordinarily pick one nearly 17 hands, however good and fast he might have proved himself to be elsewhere; but there are always exceptions. If a big horse is well-balanced with the right front, and is not a difficult ride for the little man on top, then we should be silly if we discarded him for Epsom just because he was big. Purely on make and shape and size, I prefer Khaled, and he has good claims on his lineage, in spite of Ethnarch and The Tetrarch and also the sprinting Sundridge. He is to my mind a perfect thing upon which to gaze. So I will stand by my first thoughts: Khaled and Gulf Stream (now 7 to 1), whose private appearances since the Guineas have caused a definite revulsion of feeling. Frankly, I cannot see anything else, and the only ones that might come to the aid of the fielders are Neapolitan, the easy conqueror of White Jacket and Peterborough, and Lord Astor's Fast and Fair, who, with equal ease, made Edward Tudor, Sky High and Co. look very ordinary at Lingfield. If either of these performances hoists the red light—and many people in this jumpy state of things believe that one of them does—I think it may be Fast and Fair. Neapolitan is an attractive type for Epsom, and he has proved a bit better than his stamina figure, which is only 11 furlongs, for he won a most conclusive battle from White Jacket, who, I should hazard, may be a better-class colt than Edward Tudor, who is held to have been beaten by bad luck at Lingfield. Purely on his looks, I much prefer



Major C. B. Booth: the putt on the 14th was a winner



Major T. C. Harvey. His match was against Brig. W. H. Aitken, and he led the field in the qualifying round



Brig. W. H. Aitken, who is one of the longest drivers in the Army, driving from the 15th tee



Capt. J. P. A. Clymer in his match against Lt.-Col. H. S. Mitchell



Lt.-Col. H. S. Mitchell, (he earlier beat Lt.-Col. A. C. Giles) opposed Capt. J. P. A. Clymer



Major A. A. Duncan, runner-up in Amateur and Army Championships 1937/8



Capt. C. O. Ramsden at the 18th hole in his match against Major C. B. Booth



Neapolitan to Fast and Fair, White Jacket and Edward Tudor.

### The Ladies

IF ladies will not keep decorum, they must expect some people to look askance at them. If Hypericum had not distributed her jockey on One Thousand Day before winning that race, and had behaved in the manner of the Victorian "Meess," who fainted in coils, painted in water-colours and shed floods of tears over Tennyson's "Maud," I venture to believe that she would have had the Oaks market all to herself. It is just these "ifs" that have induced quite a number of people to prefer the more staid Iona, Lord Rosebery's slashing big chestnut filly, who finished just behind Neolight's girths in the One Thousand, neither of them being able to make any impression at all upon Hypericum. Iona won the Oaks trial at Lingfield in a canter from some women of no importance. She is just as well-bred to get 1½ miles as is Hypericum, but wherever they may finish in the Oaks on Friday, I am going to continue to believe that His Majesty's flighty filly will beat many more than beat her in the Leger. As to Epsom, she is a much better model than Iona. If compelled at the point of a gun to name another one, it would be Nelia, but if Hypericum behaves like a perfect lady, I am sure that she will kiss them all good-bye.

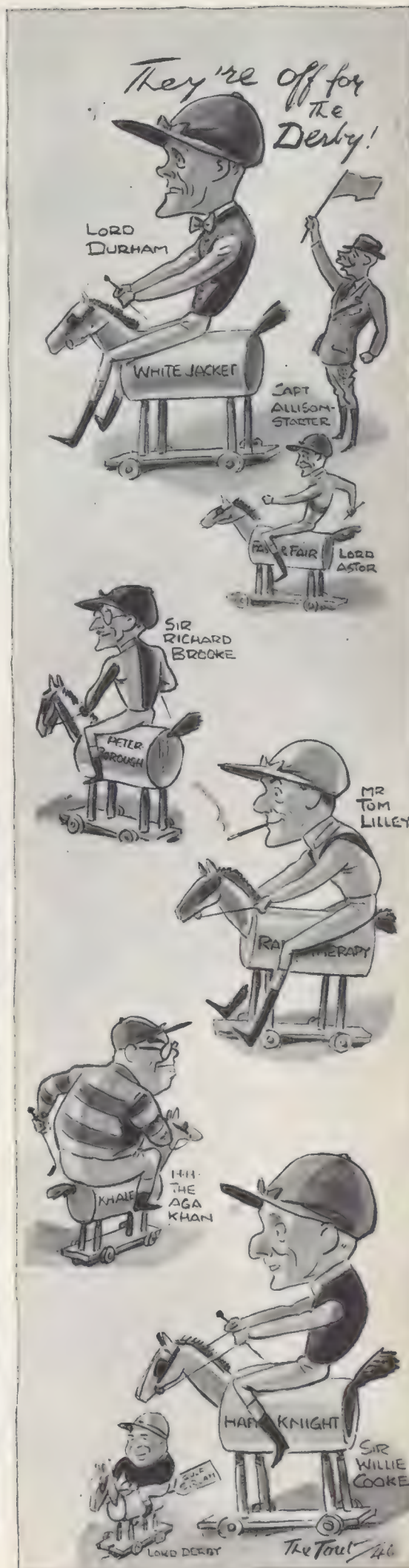
### Sky High

IN order to avert getting blown that way by the erudite author of *The Best Horses of 1945*, I hasten to put dust upon my head for having misread Mr. Phil Bull's note on Sky High, and made him say that chasing the fast lady Rivaz last season broke his heart. What Mr. Bull did say was that the effort "may well have been a factor which contributed to the stirring-up of his temperament." Anyway, so far as the Derby is concerned we need not bother ourselves further with him, for he may not run. "Temperament" usually means half-temper, half-mental, and if Sky High had started, it is level-money betting that either he might have been

tempted to put his best foot foremost, or declined to have anything to do with the party. He was left in the Derby only because it was considered prudent in case of accident.

### A Fine Family Record

THIS year will see the centenary of the famous house of Dewar, to which so many of us owe so much, and to which I know so many more of us would like to owe much more, especially in these present troublous times. Of the good public achievements and benefactions of members of the family, both in the military and civilian pathways of this life, it would, perhaps, be more fitting to let others, who are far abler, speak: but of the family records in the world of sport, it may be that some brief mention may be permissible here, particularly in view of the fact that one member of it has written the name Dewar in big capital letters on the pages of turf history. Mr. John Arthur Dewar won both the Two Thousand and the Derby of 1931 with that good horse Cameronian, who has since made a palpable success at the stud, and in Neolight owns one of the best three-year-old fillies of the year. Unfortunately, she is in neither the Oaks nor the Leger, and was beaten in the One Thousand by His Majesty's Hypericum. Mr. Jack Dewar is a nephew of the late Lord Dewar, who also had some successes on the turf; won the Waterloo Cup at the first time of asking with a dog named Winning Number, which he had bought for a £10 note; drove four horses very well, "The Rocket," his coach, running regularly between Dewar's offices in London and Burford Bridge; owned one of the first motor-cars ever used in this country, King Edward VII. and Sir Thomas Lipton owning the first two; and was a very generous patron of Association Football. If this be not enough, Lord Forteviot, the second of his line, the first peer having been John Alexander Dewar, rowed in the Oxford boat in 1906, served in the First World War in the Scottish Horse, is the present Lord Provost of Perth and chairman of the Distillers' Company. A grand family innings!



Sapper G. Evans, who was beaten by Capt. R. G. Turner, getting out of the rough near the 14th green



Major H. M. Heppel with Mr. C. D. Lawrie and Capt. R. G. Turner before the match in the quarter semi-final



Brig. S. K. Thorburn holing-out on the 14th green





Constable's  
Country

John Constable Reeve at work by the streamside of the lovely fifteenth-century mill, near his Suffolk home, accompanied by his dog Soda

## ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK

"The Moonlight"

"Henry Ford: A Biography"

### Joyce Cary

"A NEW novel by Mr. So-and-So is an event," has, I fear, become a reviewer's cliché. Nobody likes clichés: the use of one is a sign of either weariness or cynicism. I, who consider a new Joyce Cary novel to be an event, cannot find fresher words in which to say so. I look forward to the announcement of the next from the moment that I have finished the last: one cannot fairly expect so good a writer any further to speed up his production; and I must say that Mr. Cary, since he began to publish, had dealt faithfully with us his readers, not keeping us waiting for too long. He has, I find, given us since 1930 ten novels, not including this latest—*The Moonlight*, published by Michael Joseph at 10s. 6d. There have also been three books of political science and that memorable war poem *Marching Soldier*.

Joyce Cary, an Anglo-Irishman born in Co. Donegal of an old Devonshire family who had settled in that part, began to write only in his middle years, after retiring from a responsible career in Africa. He did not, therefore, begin with the blithe optimism of those who take up the pen or sit down to the typewriter still knowing beautifully little about life. His object must have been not merely to finish a book and succeed in imposing that book on a publisher, but to produce something that should as nearly as possible satisfy himself. Anybody with a gift and intelligence can acquire writing technique: what Mr. Cary seems to have asked himself was, what is the technique, when acquired, for? If more novelists could bring themselves to face up to that question, we should have fewer accomplished but pointless and empty novels. There were a number of years in which this author wrote, but continued to find his own

writing superficial, and during which, therefore, nothing went to the publisher's. *Aissa Saved* (1930) was the first novel he allowed to pass: it, and its successor, *The African Witch*, attracted immediate attention. The Joyce Cary we have come to know is the least superficial British novelist now writing—he is, indeed, disturbingly the reverse: if anything, his novels go down too deep.

### Women

MR. CARY'S novels are difficult in the sense that interesting people are difficult—they involve one in untoward, troubling and sometimes almost grotesque emotional experiences. They are not, however, difficult to read—the style is clear, the manner lively; the characters are positive and the plot moves fast. *The Moonlight*, for instance, wastes no time; it opens, with its first sentences, into the heart of what is to be the story:

Miss Ella Venn, aged seventy-four, coming downstairs just before dinner, saw her niece Amanda in the arms of a young farmer called Harry Dawbarn, who had just entered the house by way of the garden. The sight gave her such pleasure that she ran back to her room. "Oh, thank God!" she said to herself. She was tearful with joy.

So, we start with the three chief characters in *The Moonlight*, and their relationships to each other. We would appear to start at the very scene with which most orthodox novels end. Nothing, however, is as simple as all that. As Mr. Cary unpacks this promising parcel for us, we find the contents to be very different from what we had expected—Miss Ella is not Amanda's aunt, nor is Harry Amanda's accepted husband. One important character, Ella Venn's sister Bessie, has died twenty years before this scene; another, also a sister, Rose Venn, is to

die shortly. The past is to be interwoven into the present with complex and sometimes dire effects. Another man—Amanda's dandified, charming, incalculable London cousin, Robin Sant—is to be introduced. Aunt Ella, that apparent prototype of all romantic spinsters (at times a poeticised version of Miss Bates) is not only to reveal the fact that she is a mother but to convince herself and, almost, at times, the reader, that she is a murderess. *The Moonlight* draws its title from the "Moonlight Sonata," which Ella plays. The theme of the novel (at least, as I see it) is the conflict between romance and biology. Of such a conflict, women seem chiefly conscious: *The Moonlight* is a novel about women—at the same time, it is a novel which no woman could or would have written: it is very much a novel by a man.

### Motives

THE scene is a country part of the West of England; more or less unmistakably Devonshire. The Misses Venn, Rose and Ella, with Amanda and some more nephews and nieces who only appear during a grisly auction scene, are the last of a non-indigenous, wealthy business family; the house in which Ella comes downstairs to find Amanda and Harry kissing is Florence Villa, built by Ella's grandfather on his return from his honeymoon in 1832. Rose Venn, the invalid but indomitable head of the family, objects to Amanda's love-affair on the grounds that Harry is not a gentleman; and indeed he is not; he is a gawky young countryman with a bad reputation with local girls. Rose, long ago, had sacrificed her own hopes of love to family duties; and more, she had forced her younger sister Bessie into a match with the very man who had thrown her, Rose, over. It is Rose who has hushed up Ella's





He hangs his first water-colour, an interior of his bedroom, among his other oil-paintings and water-colours

## REVIEWS

### "Village Affairs"

scandalous past; who has, by her stern methods, driven Ella half-crazy, and who has insisted on concealing Amanda's and Ella's actual relationship to one another. Victorian family superstition (passion and anguish muffled in red rep curtains) continues to haunt Florence Villa. When Rose is dead, Ella blows the gaff, puts up the house for auction, tells Amanda all. Theoretically, Amanda, at thirty-two, is henceforward free to choose and live her own life: actually, Amanda's modernity is a myth—she is not only as much in the grip of her own feelings as were, in their day, her Victorian aunts, but she cannot even take those feelings at their face value—she fusses, self-analyses and splits hairs. . . . *The Moonlight* contains extraordinary and haunting scenes—an eerie, wild glare, as before a thunderstorm, falls on the simplest happenings. This is a poetic novel, in the sense that the emotions in it tend to dwarf the characters—Robin Sant and Miss Ella Venn are the only two that you will, probably, like.

### Ford

"HENRY FORD: A BIOGRAPHY" (Michael Joseph; 18s.) has been on the part of its author, William Adam Simonds, a labour of love—in fact, something stronger than reverence, an aroma of what might be called piety infests the book. Suppose we were to have a second phase of the Dark Ages, after which this volume were to be exhumed, the archæologist might, I think, suppose it to be the life of a founder of a religion, written by one of the most ardent of his disciples. Mr. Simonds has been associated with Mr. Ford for twenty years: to be entrusted with the authorised biography is evidently no small thing—coupled with the wish to get facts right there is a palpable anxiety not to put a foot wrong; and his not-very-accomplished

(Concluded on page 316)



Working on the Interior of the Suffolk Barn

## THE BOY "CONSTABLE": A NEW PAINTER

THE county of Suffolk was the home of John Constable, R.A., one of the greatest of English landscape painters, who died in 1837. It has also inspired a namesake of his, fifteen-year-old John Constable Reeve, who was awarded the Gold Star for two oils submitted to this year's Royal Drawing Society's Exhibition of Children's Work, at the Guildhall, London. His paintings, which received the highest award of the "Children's Academy," were *The Sproughton Oak*, a spreading-tree study, and *A Suffolk Barn Interior*. Critics agree that both these pictures have the unmistakable touch of Constable.

Although the walls of the Reeves' little country cottage are covered with his pictures, John does not spend so very much time painting, as during the week he works hard on the land. His painting is done on Sundays. The boy painter is completely

untutored, and the rural life which he loves to paint springs from his natural talent and imagination alone. His painting talent was only discovered when he was ill in bed with measles. His parents gave him some paints and a home-made brush to pass the time away, and were later delighted with his correctly proportioned painting of his bedroom. It was his first water-colour.

JOHN'S father, Mr. C. V. Reeve, is a market-gardener, and their home is Valley Farm, Sproughton. John's terrier Soda goes with him on all his painting expeditions, and even trots along beside the bicycle when his master chooses subjects some distance from home. Diana Rose, his nineteen-year-old sister, who takes a great interest in her brother's work, often accompanies him, too.





*Lucas — Addison*

*W/Cdr. P. B. ("Laddie") Lucas, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, R.A.F., married Miss Jill Addison, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. M. Addison, of Ascot, at the Grosvenor Chapel, London*



*Brine — Douglas-Pennant*

*Mr. Anthony Brine married Miss Sheila Florence Douglas-Pennant, actress daughter of Rear-Admiral C. E. Douglas-Pennant, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., and of Mrs. Phyllis Douglas-Pennant, at St. Marylebone Register Office*



*Juler — Ashe*

*Surg.-Lt. Humphrey Desmond Juler, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Juler, of Harley Street, W., married Miss Elisabeth Sheila Lilith Ashe, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. W. St. G. Ashe, of Oakover, Ticehurst, Sussex, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square*

## GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



*Buckhurst — Devas*

*Capt. Lord Buckhurst, Parachute Regiment, son of Earl and Countess De La Warr, of Withyham, Essex, married Miss Anne Rachel Devas, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Devas, of Hunton Court, Maidstone, at St. Mary's, Hunton*



*Rushbrooke — Craig*

*Sub-Lt. Peter Jermyn Rushbrooke, R.N., only son of Capt. J. Rushbrooke, R.N., of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, and of the late Mrs. Rushbrooke, married Miss Ailsa Maxwell Craig, younger daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Archibald Maxwell Craig, of Chelsea*





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**Jean  
Lorimer's  
Page**

*Photograph by  
Peter Clark*

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and silver chequered  
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## ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 311)

literary style totters under the magnitude of its responsibility. Psychologically, it is no small thing to be called to expound to mankind the Ford gospel. Materially, the writing of the life cannot have involved far-flung research: no archives are missing, and a chain of museums, creation of the great man himself, enshrines Ford family relics from the earliest days. Mr. Ford has been, in a measure, his own biographer by, with a piety not second to Mr. Simonds's, meticulously recreating his past. For instance:—

It was largely fondness for his mother that led Mr. Ford to restore the little white homestead on its original location, even to the most minute details of its furnishings, as it was when Mary Litigot Ford presided over it. No one lived there; he kept it as a shrine to her memory.

Her dresses hung in the bedroom closet. Workmen dug up the back-yard around the kitchen in search of pieces of broken dishes which he had recalled she had used and thrown out. With the broken fragments to guide him, he had the very dishes themselves duplicated.

Often her famous son visited the homestead on summer afternoons, and within the old familiar walls cooked the evening meal and entertained an occasional favoured friend. . . .

### Colossus

HENRY FORD was born in Gettysburg year: one may agree with Mr. Simonds that this was symbolic. How near or far the Ford-minded America of our century is to the America of Abraham Lincoln's vision, it is not for me to say. That Henry Ford himself has remained a visionary and a pioneer, one cannot question—the millionaire has kept the naïveté and the aggressiveness of the emigrant's child: those dreams and fantasies to which he has been able to give colossal expression are rooted in an original reality.

The Fords, farming stock, emigrated from Co. Cork; by 1847, three brothers, of whom Henry's grandfather was one, had begun to establish themselves in the young state of Michigan—outside Detroit, along the Rouge River. Farming life was strenuous, if rewarding; the young Henry could perceive early what could be the advantage of mechanical aids. Machinery enraptured him from the first, though he was recalled from apprenticeship to Detroit foundry by the claims of the land. He consoled himself for the delay of his projects by a courtship which was to culminate in an idyllic marriage. Indeed, Mrs. Ford (née Clara Bryant) was to play a great part in her husband's destiny: her faith supported him during the early struggles, and she has helped him to weather the not lesser ordeals of gigantic success.

Mr. Simonds gives a clear and to the mechanically-minded intensely interesting account of Ford's experiments and setbacks, and of the increasing momentum of his progress. This picture of a free-lance in the workshop and the big business world is sensational. Races, courtroom and press battles and fights with the unions give excitement to chapter after chapter. Take him for all in all, like him or not like him, this is a man. Hypnotized, we watch the extension of the assembly line, by which this industrial engineer has (in the words of the wrapper) "made his country the greatest exponent of mass production."

### Village Schoolmaster

*Village Affairs*, by Roger Armfelt (Pilot Press, 7s. 6d.) is an engaging novel with a kernel of fact; there is an unmistakable realism about Mr. Jones, the young newly-appointed head teacher of a village elementary school, and his adventures as he picks his way along, during his first term at Stipple, through what could become a hotbed of local feeling. Mr. Jones is a progressive, but no fool; the riverside village of Stipple is as conservative and as wary as it is (with its old roofs and older steeple, set in a green valley) charming to the eye. The local attitude to Mr. Jones is amiable if not over-encouraging—it is, they make him feel, hardly to be hoped that he can be quite so good a man as his predecessor. The school managers (of whom Mr. Armfelt has given us an excellent set of portraits) need handling; a number of well-meaning souls are embarrassingly ready with advice; and an extremely delicate matter—the scandalous rumours surrounding a pretty, run-wild girl pupil of Mr. Jones's—demands all he has got in the way of tact. I recommend this novel, with its skilful blend of seriousness and comedy, to all who have a feeling for village life.



**Mrs. Cecil Gray** who is wife of Cecil Gray, the composer and writer of standard books on music, was formerly the actress, Margery Binner. The Grays live in Albany, and in their converted windmill in Sussex. They have their first joint book coming out this month called "The Bed," or the "Climophile's Vade Mecum," which is the anthology and history of the bed throughout the ages. The book is illustrated by Michael Ayrton. Cecil Gray is especially known both in this country and America for his "History of Music."

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IT may be some little time yet before dresses and lingerie made from Courtaulds rayon are back in the shops in pre-1939 abundance. All the same we would remind those who were buying in the days of plenty to pass on to their younger sisters the advantages of thinking in terms of serviceable loveliness, which the "Tested Quality" mark ensures.



Regd.

## The Cup that Cheers —Invigorates and Sustains

HERE is something so cheering and comforting about a cup of 'Ovaltine.' At any time of the day it will do much to renew flagging energy, strengthen the nerves, recreate vitality and put you on good terms with yourself.

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For all these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your regular daytime and bedtime beverage and note the improvement in your outlook on life—in your cheerfulness and confidence.

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## Biscuits



# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Car Parks

AVIATION is dependent upon motoring for its terminal communications; motoring is dependent upon parking space. We are beginning to remember that there is little or no parking space anywhere in the big cities. So the opportunity for the planner occurs. He draws wonderful pictures in which cars are parked by thousands in vertical parks a mile high, or in horizontal parks suspended by steel cables over public squares, or in underground parks stretching from one end of London to the other. The planner administers a pleasing drug; but its effects do not last long. Somebody asks sooner or later how long it will take to make the proposed parks. Sometimes the answer is a couple of years. Sometimes it is five years. If anyone with knowledge of how long it takes to get a single thing done now that there is Government control of everything is asked about the delay he will say fifteen years.

What—remembering the link-up between motoring and flying—is going to happen in the meantime? Has anybody got any parking idea that is immediately practical? The answer is that one such idea has been put forward and I heard of it a few weeks ago. It is to use selected side streets as parking places.

## Through Traffic

THE theory behind this idea is that, if the main routes were kept clear, they would bear a greater traffic load without the congestion becoming worse. Side streets are, in fact, already used as parking places, although it is not an authorized use. The change would be that the side streets would become authorized instead of unauthorized parking places, they would contain more cars and be less readily negotiated; but the main streets would be relatively free.

To keep parkers off the main streets would be difficult. Although I always oppose the giving of more power to the police because they have too much power already, I would certainly agree to their being provided with the power to inflict a standard fine for parking in prohibited streets on the spot and with the concurrence of the person fined. That is to say

the person charged with parking wrongfully would be given the alternative of being reported with a view to prosecution or of paying one pound there and then. It would be the only way to cope with the man or woman who dashes up to a shop, leaps out of his car and runs into the shop before he can be warned against parking.

## Good Old Days

ANYONE who talks about the "good old days" is looked on with the greatest pity. I would like to see an assessment made of the merits of the old days and the present days. My view is that it would be found to be a fact that the good old days were good; and the present days bad. The badness arises, however, from the best of motives; that of sharing all the good things evenly among everybody. The earnestly virtuous and the earnestly philanthropic do much harm. Motoring was pleasing once; it was becoming displeasing when war broke out. It is becoming displeasing again now because the balance between the motor cars and the roads has been upset.

There is a possibility of a similar state of affairs in personal flying. I distinguish signs of increasing interest in light aeroplanes. They will certainly be turned out in quantity and I think that eventually they will be bought in quantity. For a time flying will be pleasing. But it may be that the airfields will become congested and flying will go through the same sequence as motoring. The prevention of this trouble is to look to the provision of airfields now. I have cast some scorn on the planners; but that is only because it is today much easier to plan than to do. Planning is almost the only thing in the British Isles that does not require either a Government permit or a licence.

Nevertheless, I would like to see some signs of planning in the matter of airfields for personal aircraft. I feel that there is room for a great number of light aeroplanes in Britain if some effort is made to



Spectators at the Final of the R.A.O.C. Richards Football Cup

The match resulted in a win for 6th Battalion R.A.O.C. (Chilwell) with 4 goals. Among the spectators were Brig. G. T. W. Horne, C.B.E.; Maj.-Gen. G. F. Watson, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E. (Commander S. Midland District); Brig. E. Tankard, O.B.E., M.C.; Maj.-Gen. W. W. Richards, C.B., C.B.E., M.C. (Controller Ordnance Services); Lt.-Gen. Sir Daryl G. Watson, K.C.B., C.B.E., M.C. (Quartermaster-General to the Forces); Maj.-Gen. G. W. Palmer, C.B.E. (Commandant C.O. D. Chilwell)

dot a sufficient number of airfields about the country. And with care in their design those airfields need not spoil the countryside as main roads are apt to do.

## New Cars

MOST of the new cars are like the old cars. Those who know, or who say they know, predict an interval of two or three years before knowledge gained during the war will be fully used in motor-car design. Aviation may profit by that knowledge sooner than motoring. Nevertheless, the old cars were good. And especially good was my old friend the Bentley. I have been glancing through the specification of the new 4½-litre model and it shows that most of the important features have been retained. There have been minor improvements here and there and the look of the car has been changed to give it the modern forward "lean." But, of course, the new prices are not so good as the old. Purchase tax is positively breath-taking when one looks at vehicles costing more than £1,400.

## Aerojets

THERE is a case for the purchase by the Americans of British gas turbines. In this field we are at the moment ahead of the world. And the Americans have some fine aircraft which—when matched with our gas turbines—would be even finer. This is a case where the demands of quality ought to guide America to the purchase of British goods.

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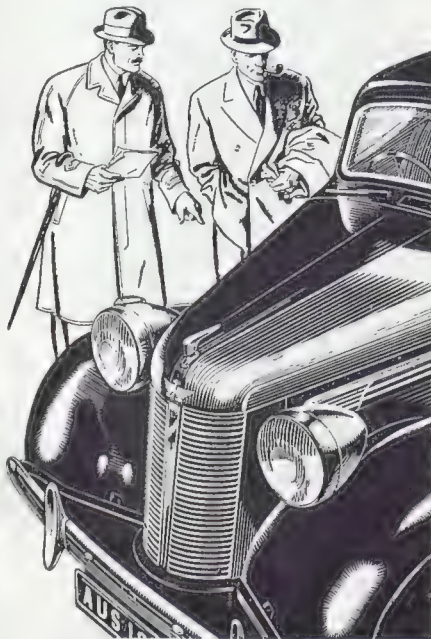
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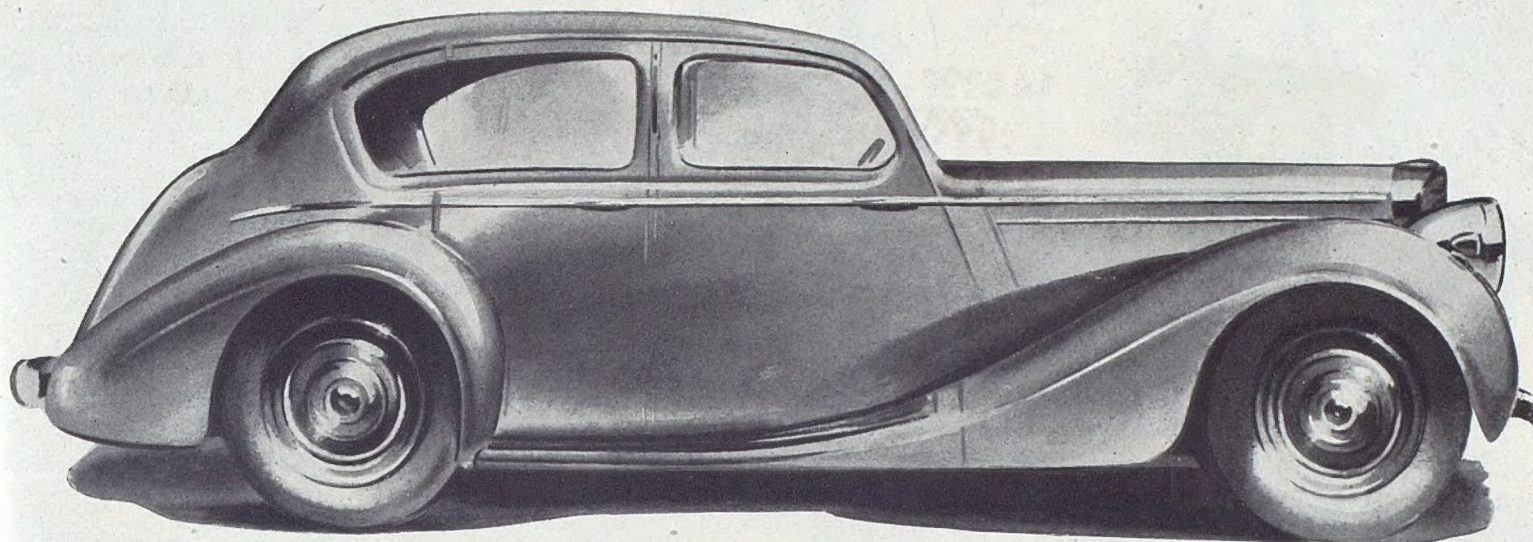
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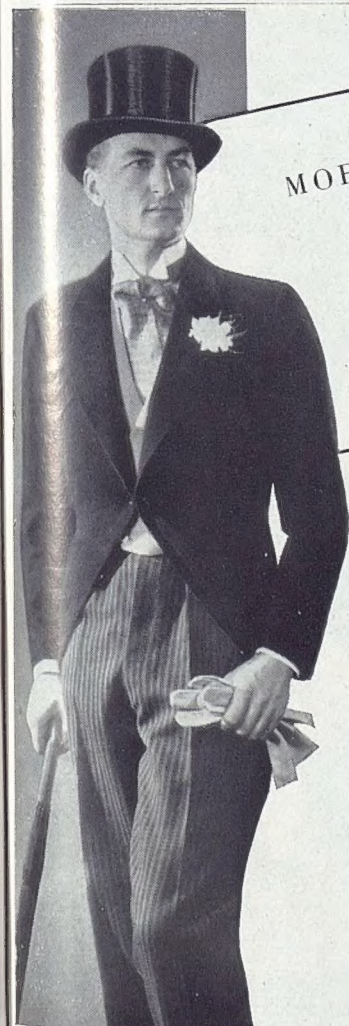


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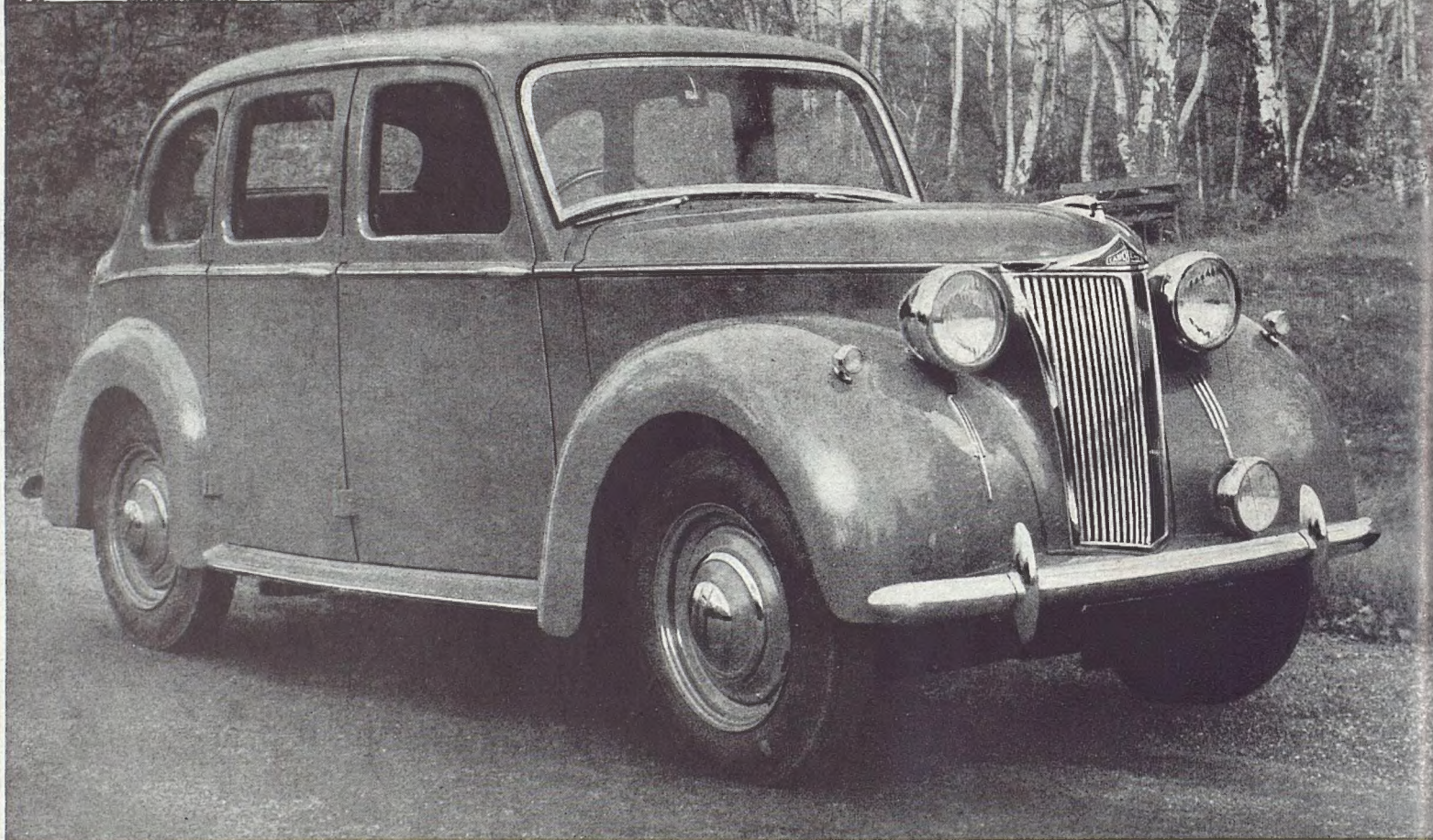
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